Chapter 20: Cristal.

And my defiant heart still beats.

In a chest that is lonely, for a life that's ceased,

And the empty world still turns...

People won’t be bothered, they can’t be concerned,

That under this roof and humble walls...

was a love for the ages that conquered all...

and a light that burned so bright and so long,

but all that remains is my story and this song.

I miss you, Bird.

Thank you for all your kind words. I miss my songbird so much.

I had an ex contact me the other night. She was having troubles with her spouse and she said that she had seen all of my posts. She wanted to say something, but she didn’t know what. And I’ve heard that from a lot of people. I know it’s true! Because I’ll make a joke and there’s 100 likes and 50 comments... but when I post about her and how sad I am, there’s just a few hearts, a few sad faces and a few confused “likes” because they didn’t want to post a heart or a sad face! I want to post something about it. Say that people don’t have to be scared to say something, but I don’t want to seem like I’m asking for attention... but the truth is, that I AM asking for attention. I’m going through this alone. Totally alone. And Kari casts a long-ass shadow. Her posts, her love for me... it was huge and well known before she died... people who knew me, knew that she was extremely romantic, extremely extroverted and outrageously outspoken with her ardor, her lust and her love. No

one has even inquired about taking her place, even as a friend. She's doomed me... in many ways. Because I'll always want that again, and it's doubtful... doubtful that I find anyone remotely like her, her looks, her soul, her talent, her affection and love, and her shameless displays... and even if I was ready to settle, or consider this, no one wants to try to fill her shoes. It's like Ned's sister. She was afraid to even sing in the house when they were both there. Because Kari was so amazingly good, she felt inferior to her. I know there are a lot of women who know about us. Who know how crazy she was for me, and how talented and beautiful she was. And I don't want to clumsily go from one to the other, knocking on their doors, asking if they're available... and they are afraid to ask me... or are intimidated by her. I'm so fucked.

I am happy that everyone likes these things that I write. The book is getting longer and I really think it's readable. That it's not fiction, and that can be hard to write, but I've never really wrote fiction. In fact, there are many great writers who wrote fiction, who admitted that hardly ANY of it was actually made up... that most of their stuff came from things they had heard or seen... that they appropriated things... human response... events... to suit their own stories.

So I bear that in mind. Because Kari's story doesn't need to be embellished. It's crazy and the truth of it shines through.

And the one thing that I truly love, is when people tell me they feel like they know her. Because she had rotten luck with friends. I wish I would have done this while she was still here... just written about her like the goddess that she was and she would let me adore her... she loved that. It made her so happy. I feel bad that our love was kept to our private text messages for the last year. I rarely got on facebook in that last year. I was so stressed... so worried... so... i guess, ashamed of my life. That I loved her so much, but I couldn't seem to get control of this thing and I was so worried. I had one friend in this world, and Kari took him as her friend, too, but he was a shit, really. Creative and intelligent like we were, but a creep to her and myself. But Kari didn't have much better luck... and that's where I wish I could have done something. But I don't know how she would have felt about me looking for a friend for her. I still should have.

She came home with a girl one time. I had no idea where she met her. I found out later. She was totally trashy and very obnoxious. I couldn't stand her. She gave her a little stuff when they were hanging out, and she was totally loopy. I woke up the next morning with her yelling at her husband on the phone.

I told her I didn't like her. That she was bad news. No one talks like that to their husband!

Kari asked me to give her a second chance. That normally she was mellow and sweet, like HER! I said I would do anything for her, so I will keep an open mind.

Kari went to visit her the next day.

I was worried about her, because she had been carjacked a few weeks before this, and though she said she wasn't doing anything bad, I know she probably was. She got her car back and I was trying to let her have her freedom, but I didn't want her to fall back.

She texted me from Cristals.

"Oh my god! Emma just pooed in Cristal's shoes!"

"What the fuck?? Is that a kid or a pet?"

"The Kid"

"Oh man"...

Emma, she explained later on, had advanced autism. I couldn't imagine though... wow. I started to feel a little sorry for the girl.

A few days later, Kari came clean and told me she had fallen off. She told me that relapse is part of recovery. But it wasn't part of mine. I told her that. That she meant enough to me, that I would never relapse if we were both clean. That one of us had to be the strong one, or the one would always be taking the other down with them. But I fell back with her this time. Telling her that we were only going to use until our next weekend's gigs were over. I knew she couldn't stop before our two gigs on the weekend, and we would make money and it wouldn't be a big financial drain doing the stuff again. But we would have to stop after. So we went and partied that night.

The next night I working on the computer.... when...

“Cristal is falling out!”

“OH SHIT. is she conscious?”

“yes. barely.”

“FUCK...”

I ran back into her hobby room. Crystal was sitting on the bed, a shade of green I’ve never seen another human be before. She was weaving back and forth, looking as if she was going to fall over at any moment.

walk her around... keep her moving...

she stood her up and put her arm over her shoulders... “come on babe”...

her feet were not moving... as Kari drug her into the hall. “I’m a little princess” she said...

“yes you are... now please walk for me...”

she moved a foot sluggishly and it folded under her.

“I’m a princess...”

“ok babe... let’s try to WALK a little...”

“NO MA’AM”

yes... let’s do it...

“no MAARRRRAARRRRRRM” she said through a projectile vomit...

“oook... gotta clean that up...”

“no ma’am” she said.

“oh babe”.... i said

“I know... bad idea, right?”

“she’ll be ok... just keep walking her around”

“no ma’am”

“ok Crystal... I need you to WALK for me”

she put a foot forward and it flopped on the floor... than another...

soon she was walking, kind of, and began to talk again. She stayed green, though. Kari stayed and talked with her for a while. She had dodged a bullet and she knew it. This was another close call and I didn’t want it to happen again.

“She’s really a nice girl", Kari said.

"This was her first time doing an IV hit...”

“baby... I don’t think this is a good thing, though... if you want a friend, I don’t think that you should be giving them these things for memories... I think you should be doing each other’s HAIR and things...”

“we were going to do that LATER...”

“I don’t think you want her touching your hair now, though”

“No... probably not. I just screw things up don’t I?”

“No baby... you’re a good person. You have a good heart.”

I was working at the computer again the next morning and I heard Crystal yelling... she came out of the spare bedroom and was screaming... at her phone. She had the phone held out a foot in front of her face and was yelling into it... full voice, screaming...

I calmly walked back to our room and opened the door.

“Baby?”

“I know.” She said and put her head into her hands.

“Do you?”

“Yes.”

“Um... she’s not very nice, is she...”

“no... apparently not.” she sighed.

“She just said she was going to kill her husband’s dog.”

“I know...”

“And that she was going to stab him and shit on his chest.”

“I heard...”

“She said she was going to stick a knife in him and laugh, and shit on his corpse.”

“yes... her voice carries very well.”

“She’s married to him?”

“yes.”

“Would you ever tell me you were going to kill me and shit on my chest?”

She put her hands over her face and started to convulse in laughter at the dark, dark humor of it all... she could barely get the words out...

“no...” she panted, “I wouldn’t say that...hahahahah”

“you wouldn’t kill my dog and shit on my chest after you stabbed me and laughed??”

“nooo... hahahaha”

“So... at some point they were in front of a priest, right?”

“uh huh”

“And were saying things like, love, honor, obey... cherish... “

“yea...”

“where does the shit on his chest part come in?”

“I don’t knowwwwww!” tears were coming down her face from laughing... as she was biting her lip, trying to be quiet.

Cristal was walking down the hall close to us, still screaming death threats into the phone as I pushed the door to and whispered to Kari, “Do you crystal, promise to love, honor, obey and cherish this man... ‘Til death, or until you stab him and his dog... and shit on his chest, do you part?”

“stop!... stop!... I can’t take it”

“Kari... I love you... please don’t ever stab me or my dog... or shit on my chest. I wouldn’t like that...”

“oh god, please... SEAN!... I can’t take it!!!”

“Am I still giving her a chance? Because I’ll try... if you want me to. I want you to have friends... Maybe we can invite both of them over tomorrow!!”

“nooo!!! baby... I made a mistake... I let a wild animal into our house...”

“it makes me wanna cry... you are such a wonderful, caring and gentle person... you should have a good friend. But I don’t know if this is the one you need”

“I know baby... I’m so sorry”

We were still whispering, scared that the wild animal would hear us and kill us and defile our corpses...

“I’M sorry baby... I am so sorry. I love you so much and want you to have a good friend... I don’t know why you have such shitty luck... it’s uncanny... I really don’t get it... where did you find her??”

“Facebook...”

“really??”

“no... ugh, god... craigslist...”

“oh... that makes more sense. Did you take an ad out for a friend?”

“yes”

“OK, now I really am gonna cry...

Oh, baby... someday you’ll have so many good friends you’ll have trouble figuring out which one to see and days where you need to be alone... I’ll help you find them if you want. We need to get out and play some more gigs... that way we can meet more people. I love you more than anything. I don’t want to share you, but I know you need to have a friend for when I’m not around. You are so wonderful!!... and I don’t know how that’s my little secret and you aren’t mobbed every time you leave the house!”

“oh... that’s so sweet! Do you really think so?”

“I know so baby... we’re just both so sickeningly sweet... I think people must think it’s fake or something... that it just can’t be real... but you are... you’re for real.”

I love you.

I love you too, darling.

Below is the ad she put out. I know it’s a strange thing to show, but so many people have remarked on how they feel like they know her. The strange thing is, I don’t think Kari was remotely bisexual. I just think she sexualized things that didn’t need to be, a lot of the time. I think she pictured finding someone just like herself and said “yea, I’d fuck me”... but of course, no one is like her! I’ve found that out.

The other things are the posts she sent me about Cristal. I heard from Cristal a few times after Kari had stopped seeing her. She wanted to know what happened. She also wanted to hook up. I didn’t help her. I tried to call her a few times after Kari passed, but it seemed like her number wasn’t being used. I worry that she’s also gone from this world.

Anyway... sorry if this was too personal. Sometimes a personal tale is what you need to make it human for all to read and relate. And I think we’ve all felt this way. I feel this way right now. That there are a lot of people out there that feel for me, that want to make me feel better... but she is the one person that could cure me... that could make this all go away. And other than that... I’m kind of screwed. I don’t want to be, but I’ve already tried everything. And I know there’s no one like her... and there’s only so much time I’m going to be here. So I will do the important things... finish our work. Our music. And our story, that I’m sure she would love to have out. Even if there are personal things in it. She wasn’t shy about these things. And neither am I. Like her, I’m an open book. And an open heart. I simply don’t care anymore...

...my filter is broken, my love swept away... my life and my heart left out for display.

I would like to meet someone little like her and myself, but I don’t know if that will ever happen. And it sucks. It took us 15 years to get to this point, and it was the best things I’ve ever known. To have someone know me that well, and me to know them... that I could write a song for her, in HER style, so much so that she would look at me and ask “did I write this?” and I would tell her that I did it... and that moment... when she looks at me... with that look of amazement... that her man loves her that much... that he listens and can literally write a verse that she thought she wrote... it’s beyond a turn on... it’s a conjoining of souls. And I probably don’t have time, or the opportunity for this again. You only grow up once, and you only have the chance to grow up with someone that one time... and if you’re lucky, that person is your soulmate... only if you’re lucky, and know enough to see this, and don’t mind spending your days alone until they come along. It just worked out... a one in seven billion chance. The population of the earth. The realization that she loves you as much as you love her, and maybe more? Holy shit. What are the odds...

Kari And Sean - I only Wanna Be With You

(Dusty Springfield cover)

https://archive.org/download/KariAndSeanIOnlyWannaBeWithYou_201903/Kari%20and%20Sean%20I%20only%20Wanna%20Be%20With%20You.mp3

Kari and Sean - Outtakes from "I only wanna be with you"

https://archive.org/download/IOnlyWanna...OuttakesFULL/I%20only%20wanna%E2%80%A6%20outtakesFULL.mp3